The Broad Ax.

PURLISHED WEEKLY.

smulgate and at all times uphold the true principles of Democracy, but farmers. Catholics, Protestants, Knights of Labor, Infidels, Mormons, Republicans, Priests, or any one cise can have their say, so long as their aguage is proper and responsibility is fixed. The Broad Ax is a newspaper whose platrm is broad enough for all, ever claiming editorial fight to speak its own mind. Local communications will have attention;

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JULIUS F. TAYLOR .. Publisher and Editor.

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Out in Missouri there is a 24-year-old woman who is the mother of twelve

Enthusiasm is well enough for a picgie, but it takes endurance to law wood successfully.

It is extremely easy for a woman to fiscover that she is abused by an incompatible husband.

One of the chief delights of feminine nature is to do something that will startle some particular man.

Many a man has an easy job simply because his employers are aware that he is not reliable in emergencies.

If Bourke Cockran marries the daughter of an English lord our foreign account will be partially evened up.

A bloomer girl in Groton, N. Y., last week saved her escort from drowning and the poor fellow is still in his mas-

China has sent an imperial commercial ambassador to this country. Tais sounds like a high-tone name for a drummer.

The amount a man can perform ought often to be judged by cutting in two what he can plan.

A St. Paul girl has inherited \$3,000,-000, and Minneapolis is looking to one of its young men to see that it doesn't get any the worst of the deal. William K. Vanderbilt refused to

sbey a summons to serve as a juror. It is thought, however, that Mr. Vanderbilt would condescend to act as a jury. A Chicago girl at present eojourning

near Philadelphia can say nothing but "nit." That, however, is the most a Chicago girl needs to say in that re-

A young man was arrested in Chicago the other day for throwing away money. If every man guilty of this offense were treated likewise the vote would be very slim this year.

The fact that a girl who is blind, denf and without sense of taste or smell has passed the Harvard examination with credit may be taken as an indication that higher education is

The war department has put in dovecotes and it may not be a great while before there will be a demand for the government to maintain a stock of rabbits with well-developed left hind

· The wind was blowing seventy-five miles an hour at New York one day last week. Gotham is evidently better at raising the wind than it used to be in the days when monument funds were on the tapis.

"Fresh eggs from China," is a sign which is being displayed in some of the Chinese stores of Chicago. The celestials have evidently got a thoroughly Americanized conception of the term "fresh eggs."

It is now reported that Actor Aubrey Boucicault will quit the stage having successfully married his million-dollar bride. This is more eatisfactors to her friends than the original statement that he would remain on the stage and she would join him in artistic avocations. She will also be likely to hold on to her million some what longer this way.

A double golden wedding is certainly an unusual event. William R. Highes of Bridgeport, Conn., and George R. Cornwall of Port Chester, N. Y., were ald school friends and married on the same day, Sept. 22, 1846. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall went over to idgeport and celebrated a joint sold-wedding with Mr. and Mrs. Highes, All four are in excellent health and the two "young couples" enjoyed the fee-

An amusing coincidence has occurre saic, N. J. Two brothers, Alfred addiffe Wells, have been secretsing two maidens of that localty, and fearing opposition in each ther said a word to the other their intentions, but be of upon a runaway match and a Mr. Each carried out their tion on the same night, and me ing the same day each was moved to an avowal of what they had done, and

THE OUAINT OLD SABOBA,

There Indian Life May Be Seen at Its

The very quaintest of all the quaint spots in semi-tropical Southern California is the Indian village of Saboba, nestling in a valley, just under the western slope of the San Jacinto spur of the San Bernardino range of mountains. Nowhere else under the flag of the republic is calm, easy Indian life to be better observed. In no other locallty can the student of anthropology find more accurate subjects for study of primitive Mexican Indian characteristics, outside of warlike pursuits and sins learned from the pale faces, than here in queer old Saboba. By the grace of the contrast with the busy, progressive civilization of the New Englanders all about, there is not another spot in all California so interesting to every



one as this typical Indian village. So eminent an authority as President Eilot of Harvard university is quoted as naving said, during his visit in Southern California, two winters ago, that the most profitable day he had spent in months was that on which he vistted the Indian village at Saboba.

The name of the village which, in the mouths of the Indians, who are its sole inhabitants, takes on a far more musical sound than its appearance in cold type would appear to make possible, is familiar enough to all readers of Helen Hunt Jackson's romance, "Ramona," some of whose most thribing though apocryphal scenes are located there. The greater number of those readers doubtless have set down the village of Saboba as being as much the fiction of the imagination as the remainder of the tale which gives it fame, and they may be surprised to learn that such a place actually exists. Exist it does, nevertheless, and n one of the loveliest valleys of the Golden State.

Thousands of people come and go to San Jacinto, the thriving town of modern build. four miles or so distant. without knowing that close at hand is this ancient Indian rancheria, and the "oldest inhabitant" receives with an expression of surprise any inquiry con-cerning the place. He cannot, for the life of him, see why anybody should care to concern himself with the abiding place of a lot of Indians. Some there are, however, in the town who take the liveliest and friendliest interests in the remnant of the tribe of Mission Indians who cling so tenaclously to the spot where their forefathers dwelt from time immemorial. A gentleman chanced to have a few spare hours at his disposal on the occasion of a recent visit to this locality. some time ago, and the subject of "Ramona" having been broached, it was suggested that a visit to Saboba and a possible call on Senora Ramona elf, who is a resident of that neighborhood, might afford an agreeable experience.

It was a lovely morning in midwin-ter in the semi-tropics. The hills that surround the valley like an amphitheater were green with the growth of wild grasses, the plain was carpeted flowers of varied hue, which filled the air with their fragrance. The atmosphere was fresh with the breeze from the pine-clad mountains, whose snowy summits towered 7,000 and 8,000 feet high in the near distance. Orange groves, olive orchards, and fields of alfalfa stretched across the valley from mountain base to foottills. From San Jacinto the road runs up the valley for a short distance, and soon enters the thickets of gnatemote that line the bed of the San Jacinto river. With a watchful eye for quick-sands, the stream is crossed, then a belt of willow jungle is traversed, the road being only a single track, almost overgrown with brush, and when this ed a belt of cleared land is ched, and we are on the outskirts of Saboba

There are some little vineyards and orchards, the vines and trees of which appear to have been planted in hap-hazard fashion, without regard to straight lines, or, mayhap, it is because the bulk of them have died that the survivors look as if they had been struck into the ground in the footsteps of some one who had been dogging the footsteps of a jack rabbit across the field. There are a couple of Indians plowing in their little fields. That is, sowing in their fittle fiterids. That is, o say, they are supposed to be doing to But the horses stand with heads own, apparently askep, while in the hade of the blossoming peach trees it the two toilers lastly rolling and moking cigarettes. They have done, schaps, a dozen furrows this afterday, what odds! So long as he has a ter, no matter how rude, for his head, a blanket, a air of overalls, and a other objects. "I think I can show you for his body, with the wherevithe a sample," she said, her own quick eye pouch of tobacco in his pocket, a shel-

egular intervals, he is "muy conteto."
Why should he worry? The year is long, and after that another will come, and then another, and so on to the end. Why work one's self to death, like the foolish Americano? Do not the birds, when building their nests, cause frequently and twitter to each other as they sway side by side on the bough? Why should a man pretend to know more than a bird? There is plenty of time to prepare the land for maize, frijole, and sandia patches, not forgetting the rows of chiles. Where is the barm, then, if Pedro and Ramona sit down in the shade for a quiet smoke, or even a comfortable little snooze, with the meadew larks over yonder in the willows, singing sweetest melodies? Manana-manana-never do today what you can just as well put off till tomorrow. That is the Indian's philosophy, and, as he appears to thrive and be happy upon it, who shall say his is not the most sensible way of getting through life? Go over into the American settlement yonder and see the white man rushing to and fre from early morning until late at night, driving, hurrying, as only an American does. Yet what does he get out of life more than the Indian? Why not go over into Saboba consider the Indian, study his ways, and be wise?

Now the road climbs up on the mesa above the bottom lands, which have been tilled by the Indians these many years. The strip of arable land is small, hence none may be wasted in roads, which are regulated to the barren mesa, where no water is. Down down eblow a row of cottonwood trees-their soft, downy blossoms floating away on the breeze and making little drifts in the road-marks the line of the zenja which carries the water from the river to the little fields of the Indians. And, by the way, these poor miserable, ignorant, uptutored savages have hit upon a solution of the land question which is the acme of fairness, and which all the combined wisdom of ages carnot well surpass: It is nothing more nor less than a practical and successful exemplification of the theories of these who do not believe in individual ownership of land. To begin with, none of the villagers are speculative farmers. That is to say, none of them care to raise larger crops or cultivate more land than will provide for the simple wants of their families. None to accumulate beyond that point. So each year the village chief allots to those who apply such tracts of land as they desire to cultivate. No man is given control over a larger area than he actually cultivates, and there is enough for all. So long as a man desires the piece of land and will care for it he retains it, but the moment he refrains from cultivating the whole or any portion of it, then it is taken away, provided any one wants it. But no one owns an acre of land. It all belongs to the control of the Capitan, in whose decisions all

Scattered along the banks of the little acquia in the shade of the cottonwoods, are the houses of the villagers, their walls of gray adobe scarcely distinguishable from the soil itself. Here and there a woman or girl is hard at hing clothes i and on the limbs of the willows and guatemotes are spread snowy garments, mingled with those of brighter hue, showing that a regard for cleanliness is not at all incompatible with Indian nature, and is equally strong with the love of bright colors. Paddling in the water or rolling about in the sun, sometimes with a single garment, sometimes naked as the day they were born, were plump, brown-skinned ba- f bles, their black eyes snapping with curjosity as the visitors halted a moment, while anon a band of a dozen of the little rescals would go scurrying away into the bush like a flock of startled quail. Evidently the bogle man is as much of a reality with these oungsters as with others of lighter

The schoolhouse is, of course, visited. It is a low, brown-walled adobe structure, almost hidden beneath the branches and foliage of great cottonwood trees near the road. Doors and balmy air, and through them glimpses

the teacher answered that one was in wing, and they evinced great aptifor filling his stomach at more or less having, as it appeared, been cast upon the youth in the back seat. As she walked in that direction the youngster quickly turned his slate face on his desk, but it was captured, neverthe less, and found to contain a very good likeness, indeed, of the writer, even to the details of a corner of a handkerchief peeping from a pocket, a watchchain, locket, etc. In fact, nothing had been omitted in facial feature or dress. The drawing was clever, indeed, and no more than five minutes had been

consumed in making it. Noticing a couple of American tigs adorning the wall, a question was asked concerning them, which elicited the astonishing reply that one of the strongest sentiments, and one entertained with the greatest unanimity by these descendants of those who once owned the entire continent, was patriotism. Their affection for the flag is sincere, and they delight in being known first as Americans and then as Indians.

The pupils are of all ages, from the little tot just lisping her letters to the stalwart six-footer who is still wrestling with the primer, his desire for an education not having been stimulated until he was long past the age when the white youth has usually been graduated. Nevertheless he is not discouraged, and pores over the wonderful tales of Mr. Cat and Mme. Rat with an earnestness that augurs well for the future. Several hours vere spent in wandering about the settlement. There was an evident feeling for the visitors on the part of the natives, but that had to be taken as a fact, for not one of the men or women here and there so much as uttered a word, except among themselves. Life is too short to spend moments in tole conversation with strangers, who will probably never be there again. There were fully a dozen men who, the school teacher sold, were, without a shadow of a doubt, over 100 years old and had never been fifty miles away from Saboba. Three were pointed out who were young men when the San Fermando Mission was built, near Los Ageles, by the Franciscan fathers, in 1806. They possess, as sacred talismen, the parchment slips that were given them by the holy teachers those many decades ago. They are very proud fellows and of unusually serene and contented disposition, but on the day of the visit here told of a young lady tourist who had, without warning snapped a kodak camera at several of the patriarchs of the tribe, and they spent hours after mumbling over to themselves words of wrath at such intrusion by the whites. Primitive and simple as the Indians of Saboba are, they know that the kodak pictures meen that their lineaments are to be paraded before pale faces everywhere.

TO THE EAST INDIAN

Caste Is His Religion and Everything to Him.

The Hindoo caste forms a unique part in the life of the East India native. Caste is everything to him. Deprive him of his caste, which is his religion, and you rob him of all he holds dear on earth. Without his religious caste a Hindoo man or woman would be as helpless as a ship in mid-ocean deprived of her rudder.

Every Hindoo is employed in that vocation which his particular easte governs. If the father is a washerman (dobe) then his children and his children's children are washermen and washerwomen, and so on, from one generation to another this Hindoo famis compelled to be in the same line of employment ar their forefathers. There can be no rise in station nor

any fall to a more humble occupation. If a Hindoo should attempt to do any other kind of work than that which his religion permits him, he would be ostracised from his race, and be would at once be declared an outcast. His family would shun him; bis brothers and sisters, father and mothor would forever cast him off.

Where one servant could do the work in the house, it requires, by this process, six or seven. The man who will carry a glass of water would under no circumstances touch meat, and the one windows stand open to admit the who hands the meat to "sahib" and "mistress" would not think of brushare caught of a number of jet-black | big the fles from the table. Each man



Sa boba Indian House,

There are a score and more of sc ars, both boys and girls, and well-behaved pupils they are, too. The visit-ors are welcomed at the door by the teacher, who has devoted years to her posen task of educating the youthful Indians. Brought up in the valley, only a few miles away, knowing the Indian dialect and the Indian character as well, she has the complete confidence of her pupils and their parents, too, and so is able to accomplish vastly more than a stranger or one whose entire sympathy is not enlisted in the

The youngsters bend over their books and slates, and save for a quick, shy glance now and then shot at the stragers, take no notice of their presence.

The exercises of the school proceed as usual. The children sing, read and answer questions in arithmetic, geography and spelling intently and without embarrassment. A like number of

heads, dark faces and flashing eyes. In the household has his own work to There are a score and more of schol- do, and torture would not compel bin do, and torture would not compel bim to deviate from that line.

> Kaffir Dentistry The method of extracting teath

among the Kaffirs is barbarous in the extreme, and reminds one of the tortures of the Dark Ages.

The patient is placed on the ground, and four men are employed to hold him down, two taking his arms and two his legs. Then the operator kneels down beside him, and taking a piece of sharpened ivery, steel or wood, he calmly proceeds to hack away at the de then extracts it with finger and stil the offending tooth is loose. thumb, the patient having suffered,

naturally, unspeakable agonies.

The time occupied in the operation is often of long duration, sometimes extending over as much as thirty minutes; but, of course, this varies according to the strength of the tooth. Persons in this country who make a person in the countr ing to the strength of the tooth: Persons in this country who make a practice of taking an anneathetic while having a tooth extracted would probably find the operation as performed by the Kaffir dentist a little trouble-some, to say the least.

Of course the Kaffirs dwelling in or near the towns go to the ordinary dentist; but those living far away from civilization have no alternative har ta resort to the methods described above.

Landon Speciator

STORIES O'THE BRAVE

WONDERFUL COURAGE OF A PRIVATE WHO LOST HIS LIFE.

Stringfellow, Lee's Famous Scout-With Eight Men, Physical Wrecks, He Caused a Stampede of Grant's Army Norve When Bullets Are Flying.



HARLES A. DANA said the other day that Sheridan was the bravest man he ever knew, with one exception-Custer. He spoke without hesitation, says the New York press. I have not found two men to agree with him.

All admit that Custer was brave, but men have not the same ideals. Some say that Pickett was the bravest man, yet I have been told that Pickett was roaring drunk the day of his famous charge. Others mention privates, who, being inconspicuous in the public eye, are too often overlooked. In four years of heroic conflict there were so many brave men that he who decides positively who was bravest is a magician. No man could so decide but Mr. Dana.

An exhibition of courage as rare as was ever known was given by a private. At the first fire he dropped his gun and ran like a hound to the rear, not pausing until he reached the camp followers, about a mile behind. Here he fell upon the ground shaking with fear. Suddenly he sprang up and asked for a gun.

"That's right, kill yourself!" sneered wounded soldier. "You are too hig a coward to live."

"You're mistaken, my friend," said the other. "I'm panic struck, that's all. Wait till you hear from me again."

With that he started off on a run. Through the ranks he dashed. Men were dropping on all sides. A murderous fire was mowing them down by companies. "Here I am again, boys!" he shouted, when he reached his own company, "Come on!" He passed the ranks and stood in the open ground, loading and firing, calm and immovable as the tall pine in the background. His cheerful "Come on boys!" was inspiring. The enemy made him a target, and presently a minie ball passed through his neck. When they carried him back to the rear a little later he begged to be taken near the soldler who had told him to kill himself, and pointing him out to the surgeon, said: "Doctor, be sure to tell my friend over there that I'm no coward." Then, with a look of serene satisfaction on his face, he died.

What has become of Stringfellow. Lee's famous scout? He is preaching the gospel according to the episcopal dispensation somewhere in the south, but whether in Virginia or Texas I mow not A few days before the s render Stringfellow found Lee in tears. The game was up and Lee's helpless, hopeless situation had greatly depressed him. He said that he did not have men to intercept some of Grant's forces which were coming up the road and were then almost in sight.

"I'll stop them, general," said the courier. "Give me some horses. There are eight or nine wounded rebs lying over there in the woods. I'll take 'em along and stop the Yanks."

Lee smiled. Stringfellow took his silence for consent and hastened to throw his eight or nine physical wrecks against Grant.

"Boys, gallop up, fire your pistols, make a - of a noise, cut the traces on their horses and send the teams flying through the ranks',' was the order, and it was carried out to the letter. The physical wrecks made as much noise as a whole army of able bodied soldiers, cut the few traces and started a stampede. A Yankee captain sailing down the road was ordered by Stringfellow to surrender. He threw up his hands then, looking up and down the road and seeing no other rebs in sight, he asked: "To whom am I surrendering?"

"To mer" cried Stringfellow.

"See you in - first!" was the reply. Drawing a pistol he began firing point blank at the courier, who returned the compliment. Both pistols were emptied. Then the two dismounted and went at it hand to hand. Stringfellow threw his antagonist and tell on top of him with his right arm free. The captain's left played a tattoo on his cheek and the issue was in doubt, when one of Stringfellow's wrecks came to his rescue. As he raised his foot to kick the captain in the face Stringfellow caught him by the ankle

"Stand back!" he thundred. "You have spoiled our game. If I could have captured him myself I would take him in, but he has given me too good a fight to surrender to two of us. Captain, you are a brave man. You had better get on your horse and ride like thunder, for the woods are slive with rebs."

The captain went off like a shot, without saying so much as "thank you." Stringfellow and his wreck mounted and the next instant were going through the woods as if the devil were after them. It was his last re-Two days later Lee surren-

The Arabs harbor a superstition that the stork is a bird of good omen. When one of them builds its nest on a ho top, the occupants of the hours be-lieve that their happiness is insured for

YOLISTS' PLOTECTIVE LEAGUE A Hig Institution in New York-Its Many

Objects.

The Cyclists' Protective league has been incorporated in New York city, and riders generally will be interested in its objects which are as follows: First—A chain of from 500 to 5,000 stations or bins within a radius of fifty miles of the New York city hail, at any of which riders can store their winsels, and where there are facilities for cleaning, oiling and pumping. A system of universal coupon checks will be used. See ond—To act as agent for insurance conpanies, and as such agents to supply insurance against accidents while on their wheels with weekly indemnity and other features. Third—To act as agents for insurance on wheels against fire and their while on storage in any of the bins of the company. Fourth—To provide substitute wheels in case of breakage in the vicinity of any of the stations and during rear Fifth—To provide places for repairs wheels and lockers for change of columns. A. G. Batchelder is the president of the league. He ways: "It is our opinion that such a league is necessary when you consider the fact that there are 200,000 whestmen in the territory we are going to core."

men in the territ ry we are going to cover.

When We Dream.

Professor Pheitshu says that lively dreams are in general a sign of nervous action. Soft dreams a sign of slight irritation of the brain, often in nervous fever announcing the approach of a favorable crisks. Frightly dreams are a determination of blood in the head. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and droppy.

Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sigh of abdominal obstruction and disorder of the liver. Dreams in which the patient soes any part of the bedy, especially suffering, indicates disease in that part. The nightmare, with great sense increases, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest.—Popular Science News.

"What's gone with all the beyen old man?"
"Well, Dick's a studin' of law."
"And Jim?"

"Jim's s.preachin' er the gos pell."
"And Ben?"
"Beu's politicisnin'."
And Bob—where's he?"

"Well, Bob ain't nowheres not yit 1 can't beat no farnin' inter his head, so et be don't go ter teachin' school, er editin' of a newspaper I reckon I'll sen' him ter Congress."—Atlanta Constitution.

Mind Reading. You can read a happy mind in a happy untenance without much penetration. This dam billions sufferer or dy-neptic relieved by Hostetter's Stemach Bitters wears. You will meet many such. The great stomachic and alterative also provides happiness for the malarious, the rheumatic, the west, and those troubled with inaction of the kid-neys and bladder.

Financial Discussion.

"What do you wear such ill-fitting clothes for?" asked the bright young man in the natty summer suit of the elderly person in mand-me-downs, "To carry my money in," was the reply of the elderly person. And the young man behan to talk in another direction. Cincinnat Enquirer.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.-D. (bright, Miclinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1805.

"What made you so long buying that spool of thread?" "Why. I had to wait until some shop ladies got through telling each other what they dreatment has might."

When billions or costay, car a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure grammiest 10c, 25c.

"Women have more sense about marriage than men," "You can't proce in "Yes, i than men." 'You can't orece it." 'Yes I can. A woman knows when she is oid, but as long as a man can toller be considers himself marriageable."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Channe Tatiers All Druggists refund the money if it is is to care Sc

"What are you doing with a Turkish lounge in this coal office?" "Our bookkeeper writes poetry and we had to fix up a place for him to lie down when his manascripts come back."

Sarsaparilla and you will not need to fear pneumonia, fevers or the grip. Remember

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